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Leads All the Rest.

During January, February, March and April of this year The Evening World carried 5087 columns of paid display advertising.

No other New York paper equalled this showing. The increase over The Evening World's own record for the corresponding four months of 1903 was 1270% columns—more than twice the gain made by any other paper.

"SEEING NEW YORK."

A party of Yale students, decorously conveyed by an unthirsting professor, has been "seeing New York"—in the interests of "sociological investigation." They saw the Bowery, the Morgue, Chinatown, a concert hall or two, the Mills Hotel.

Every day a "Seeing New York" coach piles. People call the passengers "rubbernecks." Most of them are so uncomfortable in their lofty perches that they keep their eyes downcast and "rubber" not at all, except when Mr. Hammerstein or some other notable fits across their path.

The New Yorker pokes fun at slumming students and moral sightseers. He need not. They get the best of it. Few are the residents of the city who might not greatly increase their pride in it and enjoyment of it by knowing more about it.

A girl stenographer in Wall street used her noon hours "seeing New York." How much of interest and inspiration was within the reach of her brief daily stroll!

She saw the graves of noble Americans—Hamilton, Gallatin, Don't-give-up-the-ship Lawrence—in Trinity and St. Paul's churchyards. She cast a critical eye upon the people at the Barge Office; twenty millions, nearly, have landed in that neighborhood to build up the nation. She stood in France's Tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers in a speech which every American needs to-day more than ever before to read. She visited the old John Street Methodist Church and "read up" the great men who have spoken there. A glance was enough at Irving's home, changed now entirely. There was more interest in tracing the battle of Golden Hill, just south of Fulton street.

Of course, she might have chewed gum and read "The Duchess." But, besides being more instructive, "seeing New York" was more fun.

Those Yale students were not badly led. The Bowery and the great east side are worth seeing. This is the New York of to-day, New York of the problems. The New York that must be rebuilt, must be fitted out with schools and parks.

To see the children of twenty-seven different nations in the Henry street school salute the flag does any American good.

The Yale students put down in their notebooks at the Morgue how many poor wrecks of humanity lie upon the marble slabs there yearly. There is another side to that. How much devotion and loving service in one year do the 130 hospitals represent!

What study could be more fascinating than the great school overlooking the Hudson, where hundreds of deaf-mute children are lifted out of the most hopeless state to enjoy life almost like the rest of us?

There are the museums for rainy days. Plenty of New Yorkers have never entered either the Metropolitan Museum or the Museum of Natural History. They do not know what they have missed.

"Seeing New York" would mean for a bicyclist, instead of endless repetition of the same "spin" on the Boulevard or to Coney Island, a different trip each week—to the Yonkers City Hall, where Washington went courting in vain, to the Jumel house, to Irving's home at Sunnyside.

A man who has never visited Bronx Park might suspect that here is a "zoo" the rest of the world cannot reach.

Then there are the factories of the greatest manufacturing city in America. What is there that is not made in New York?

The young man who has "seen New York"—it cannot be done in a day—will better appreciate how much has been done for it by past patriotism and generosity, and how noble a city is being built to-day.

He would be a wise man and a better voter for his knowledge. Incidentally, he would have had a great deal of the keenest kind of enjoyment.

EMIGRES.—Alas! Our lamented Mayor is now constructively defunct. For the volunteer fire company of Rockaway Beach has made a thorough job of him, first hanging and then burning him in effigy. It was a dangerous bit of business all round. For the Mayor is something of an effigy himself, as his gas "grab" signature indicated. And when the gallant firemen were called upon to discriminate between an effigy and the effigy of an effigy, they might easily have made a fatal blunder and have hanged and burned the real Mayor.

PERIL OF STREET CLEANERS.

Drs. Woodbury and Darlington believe that many of the street cleaners of New York are contracting consumption through the unhealthful character of their work.

It is said that although they have a special hospital clinic set aside for their use, they hesitate to avail themselves of it for fear of being pronounced consumptives and of losing their positions.

There are many who believe that fresh air is so deadly to tuberculosis that men may engage in the most unsanitary out-of-doors pursuits without running serious danger of the disease.

There are others, however, who know that among the hardy mountaineers of the Rocky Mountains consumption is one of the most frequent causes of death.

But whatever medical significance this piece of news may have, it is another example of the many humble and unimportant ways in which men may risk their lives in the doing of their modest duty.

Confronted with the necessity of selling 6 per cent. seven-year bonds at 92½, Japan realizes that "war is hell" financially.

Matrimony As a Fine Art.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



"He goes around the country just marrying women. What sort of a craze is that, anyway? Do you know? I don't!"

THUS Mrs. Minnie Phister, third wife and avenging Nemesis of Charles J. Phister, now jailed and awaiting trial for bigamy on Staten Island, discussed her much-shared husband's tendency to matrimony in an interview printed yesterday.

The lady very evidently resented Mr. Phister's wholesale slaughter of hearts and let the natural crude feelings of disappointment and anger at his treachery to her overcome the admiration which his striking exposition of matrimony as a fine art must instill in all dispassionate minds. Most men contemplating marriage spend more or less anxious hours wondering how their frequently inelastic incomes may be stretched to meet the daily requirements of two. To them, polygamy, however tempting in the abstract, would be a definite financial impossibility, even if there were no unfeeling laws prohibiting its practice.

But the latest Staten Island exponent of progressive matrimony, instead of thus tamely suiting his impulses to his income, had so far solved the problem of support as to be able to have as many wives as he had inclination for.

To do this, he had to be sure merely to apply what may be called the working principle of Mormonism. For while it has always been a fixed rule among the Latter Day Saints that a man might marry only as many wives as he could support, this was generally interpreted to read as many wives as he could put to work. And while there are farms or lots to be divided up, cows to be milked, chickens to be fed, crops or vegetables to be raised, the Mormon still some work may find for wifely hands to do.

The methods of Mr. Phister were in no way different. He was engaged in the business of establishing butcher shops in small towns and afterward selling them out at a profit. From the circumstance that every shop needed some one to look after it, and its owner felt a simultaneous need of some one to look after him, came the great idea. And it is claimed that had not Mr. Phister been cut short in his matrimonial career by an unfeeling spouse of a suspicious turn of mind every town in Staten Island would soon have held one of his butcher shops and every butcher shop one of his wives.

Surely, however much one may condemn the immorality of such a proceeding, one cannot help marveling at its ingenuity, for the plan who succeeds in making matrimony profitable is in his way as great a financial wizard as any that Wall street has ever known.

What is perhaps De Quincey's most famous essay deals with the more or less humorous consideration of murder as a fine art compared to matrimony similarly considered?

A close study of the successful bigamists of the last few years must surely reveal greater ingenuity and daring than any displayed by the crude devotees of dagger, pistol or poison pellet. Besides, there is an element of mystery about the bigamist that the mere murderer lacks. For we are primitive enough to understand the sudden impulses of greed, anger or revenge that sometimes lead to murder, even while they terrify us. But who, having one wife, or merely the prospect of one, can fathom the motives of the man who asks, like Oliver Twist, for more?

ODD SUICIDE.

Lord Chief Justice Hankford, of England, who lived in a former century, notwithstanding his high position, became so tired of life that he determined to shuffle off this mortal coil. But he feared to commit suicide, because at the time a great felo de se was followed as a matter of course, and the body of the suicide was buried at four cross-roads with a stake thrust through it. Further, he had to avert the consequences to his relatives of forfeiture of his goods, which was also one of the penalties for self-destruction. He adopted a novel expedient. Several of his deer having been stolen, he gave orders to his keepers to shoot any person they met in or near the park at night who did not immediately stand when challenged. Then on a dark night he hid himself in the path of the keepers and, not answering the challenge, was shot dead on the spot. The stump of an old oak under which he fell still marks the scene of the tragedy and goes to this day by the name of Hankford's oak.

SAME THING.

Miss Carrye Moore—She calls him he intended. Are they engaged?

Miss Cutting Hintz—No, but she intends to marry him.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

HOW
To keep your husband at home evenings.

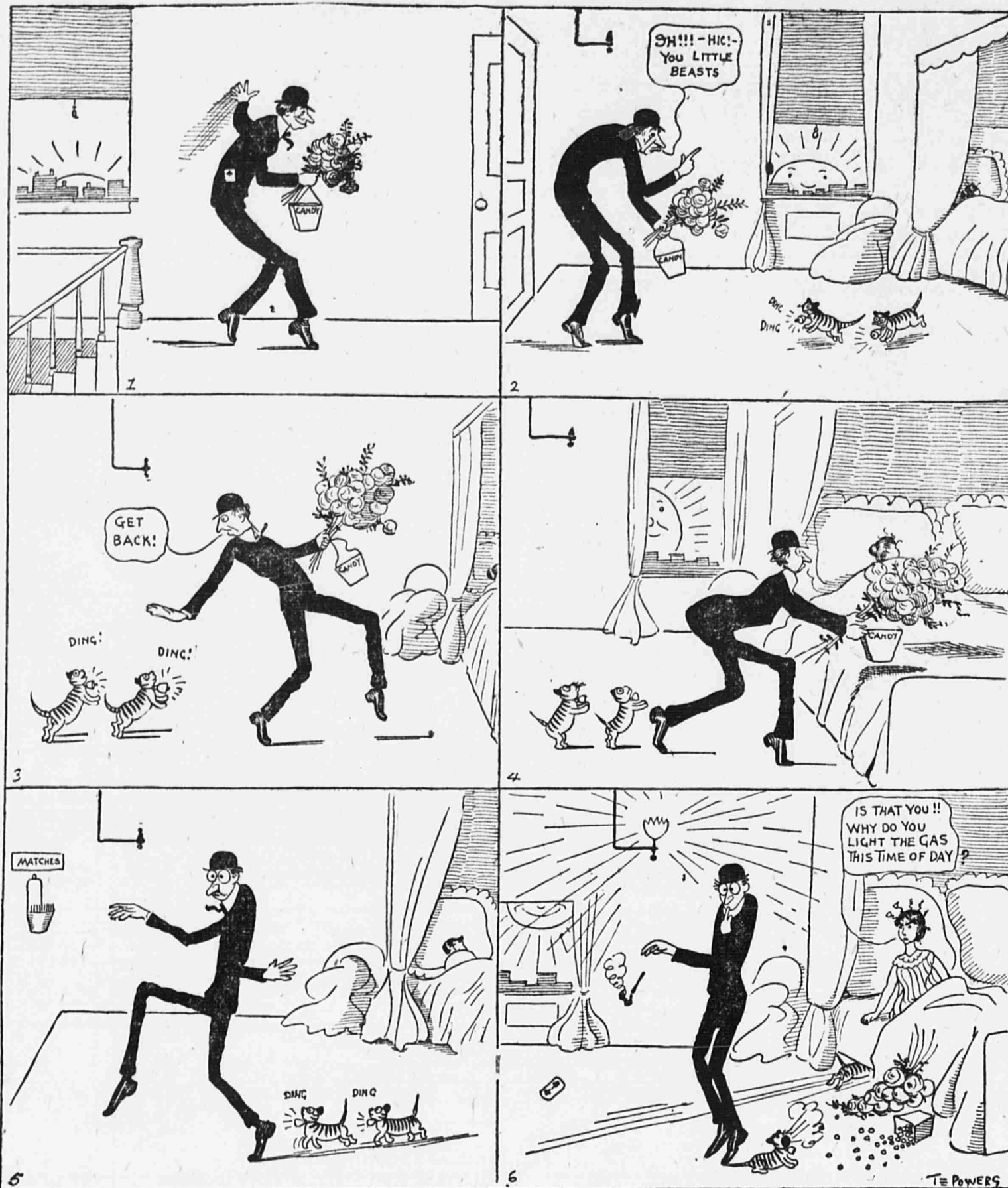
HOW?
By making home more pleasant for him than his club.

HOW?
By getting a GOOD cook and a good, tidy housemaid.

HOW?
Through Sunday World Wants. Try it! Nearly ONE MILLION WANTS published last year.

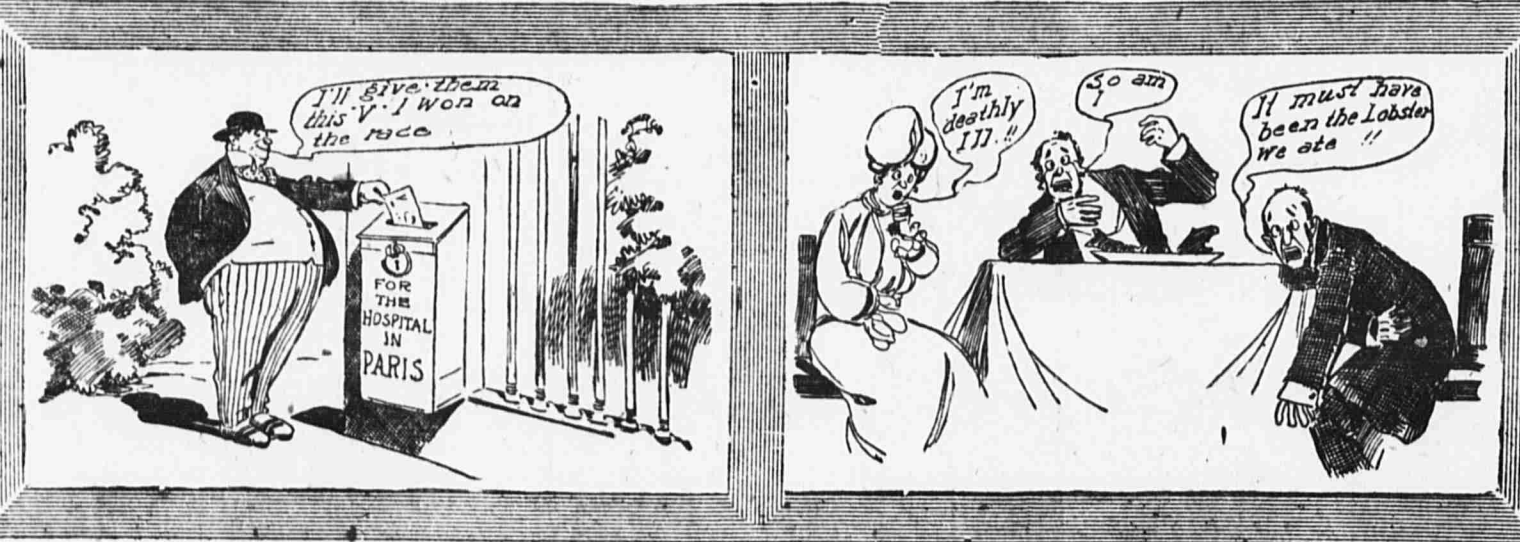
HOME, SWEET HOME.

(By T. E. Powers.)



The Light—and Other Things—that Failed.

Pray Don't Miss the Peewee "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook in the Next Column. What Is the Telephone Number?



1-1-5-2-6-A—Broad (One won five to six's abroad).

Now Guess What This Is.

Conan Doyle's Wonder Romance--The Mystery of Cloomber

(By permission of George Munro's Sons.)

(Copyright, 1903, by George Munro's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
James West is charged to Gabriel Heath, a young man of an English general who has served in India and who lives in strict retirement at Cloomber Castle, Scotland. West's sister Esther is also engaged to Gabriel's brother, Mordaunt.

Gen. Heathstone, years before in India, killed a Hindu priest. His servant, Rufus Smith, assisted him in the deed. The Smiths and West, upon their return to England, were out of the house and vanishing with them. West and Mordaunt so in part suit.

CHAPTER VI.
The Curse Fulfilled.

I HAD a lurcher dog, keen of scent, which I set on the General's trail. He caught the scent and was off, we following as rapidly as we could. He led us westward and at the end of an hour we found ourselves at the edge of a swamp known as the great Bog of Cree. Once within the swamp we had to be careful not to deviate from the narrow track which offered a firm foothold.

At last, after struggling through a grove of high bulrushes, we came on a spot the horror of which might have furnished Dante with a fresh terror for his Inferno.

The whole bog in this part appeared to have sunk in, forming a great funnel-shaped depression, which terminated in the centre in a circular rift or opening about forty paces in diameter. It was a whirlpool—a perfect maelstrom of mud, sloping down on every side to this silent and awful chasm. Clearly this was the spot which, under the name of the Hole o' Cree, bore such a sinister reputation among the rustics. The marks of live persons' feet (doubtless those of the General, Smith and the three Hindoos) passed down the declivity which surrounded the abyss, and we followed them with a sinking feeling in our hearts, as we realized that this was the end of our search. A little way from the downward path was the return trail made by the feet of those who had come back from the chasm's edge. Our eyes fell upon these tracks at the same moment, and we each gave a cry of horror and stood gazing speechlessly at them. For there, in those blurred footmarks, the whole drama was revealed. Five had gone down, but only three had returned!

None shall ever know the details of that strange tragedy. There was no mark of struggle or sign of attempt at escape. We knelt at the edge of the Hole, and endeavored to pierce the unfathomable gloom which surrounded it. A faint, sickly exhalation seemed to rise from its depths, and there was a distant hurrying, clattering sound, as of waters in the bowels of the earth. A great stone lay imbedded in the mud, and this I hurried over, but we never heard thud or splash to show that it had reached the bottom. As we hung over the noisome chasm, a sound did at last rise to our ears out of its murky depths. High, clear, and throbbing, it tinkled for an instant out of the abyss, to be succeeded by the same deadly stillness which had preceded it. I do not wish to appear to be superstitious, or to put down to extraordinary causes that which may have a natural explanation. That one keen note may have been some strange water sound produced far down in the bowels of the earth. It may have been that or it may have heard so much. Be this as it may, it was the only sign that rose to us from the last terrible resting-place of two who had paid the debt which had so long been owing.

"What shall we do, Mordaunt?" I asked, in a subdued voice. "We can but pray that their souls may rest in peace."

I have been married for some months to my dear Gabriel, and Esther is to become Mrs. Heathstone upon the 23d of the month. If she makes him as good a wife as his sister has made me, we may both set ourselves down as fortunate men.

There is only one point which is still dark to me. Why the chelas of Goolab Shah should have removed their victims to the desolate Hole o' Cree instead of taking their lives at Cloomber is, I confess, a mystery to me. In dealing with occult laws, however, we must allow for our own complete ignorance of the subject. Did we know more we might see that there was some analogy between that foul bog and the secret which had been committed, and that just such a death was the one appropriate to the crime.

Months afterward I saw a short paragraph in the Star of India, announcing that three eminent Buddhists—Lal Hoomi, Mowdar Khan and Ram Singh—had just returned in the steamship Deccan from a sort trip to Europe. The very next item was devoted to an account of the life and services of Major-Gen. Heathstone, "who has lately disappeared from his country house in Wiltshire, and who, there is too much reason to fear, has been drowned." I wonder if by chance there was any other human eye but mine which traced a connection between these paragraphs. I never showed them to my wife or to Mordaunt, and they will only know of their existence when they read these pages.



By Martin Green.

A Tip to All the Trusts On How to Rid This Earth of Vice.

"I DON'T see any of the directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company going around chopping wires leading to pool-rooms," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Such negligence on their part is extremely reprehensible," said The Man Higher Up. "We are going to put the kibosh on all the directors of all the corporations pretty shortly unless these Western Union men get in line and close the pool-rooms."

"Look at John D. Rockefeller, the holy man. He owns the Standard Oil Company and the Standard Oil Company owns the gas and electric light companies. These companies furnish gas and electric light to disorderly houses, gambling-houses, dance halls and immoral places generally. Why don't Mr. Rockefeller order the gas and electricity cut off from those places and refuse to sell them oil? They can't do business in the dark."

"Neither can they do business without water. The city furnishes water to them for pay. Why don't Mayor McClellan cut off their water supply?"

"All the directors of the railroads in the United States are in partnership with criminals. When a crook turns a trick he has to do a get-away. If it wasn't for the railroads he couldn't do his get-away. The directors of the railroads by furnishing criminals accommodations enabling them to hike from place to place are putting themselves in the shady class."

"All thieves, dips, bunco steers, gamblers, gold-brick salesmen, thugs and disorderly persons eat meat. Who sells it to them? The Beef Trust. Among the directors of the Beef Trust are some of the most prominent religious laymen in the business! If they would cut off the meat supply the bad people would starve to death and we wouldn't be troubled with any vice problem."

"It's all very simple when it is figured out," admitted the Cigar Store Man.

"Surest thing you know," replied The Man Higher Up. "The Clothing Trust has it in its power to keep all persons not of good moral character isolated by refusing to sell them clothes."

Fables, Far, Far from Gay.

No. 3—The Man with an Antediluvian Education.

THERE was once a Man whose Poor but Saving Parents brought him Up to Plain Living and High Thinking. When twenty Years of Age he was already so industrious to dress that he was equally Satisfied whether his Clothes were his Own or only Another's; and as for Thinking, his head was Several Sizes too Large with imagining himself all Sorts of a Main Squeeze. He had worked out to a Demonstration the theory that Other People's Money is the way to Economy and Thrift.

But this Bliss could not Last, for he could not remain Single forever, and his Wife, who had been Educated in a School endowed by High Finance, believed in Plenty of Plain Thinking and a Higher Standard of Living. So his checks on his Wife's Bank Account were Dishonored by her Father and he began to Wear a smaller Hat.

Things went from Bad to Worse after That, till one Day he stopped planting Geraniums round the Parental Resting Places and took to visiting the Office for a quiet Place to Think out an Allowance. At Last it was Remarkable that he had become a Sorry Dog, and from that Hour Wifely Respect began to be quoted at a Premium. She is said to have Confessed to a Neighbor that he was Wedded to his Clubs; and that she had never Realized how Clever he was.

Then she made him a Present of a Touring Car, and with this and the aid of a Fashionable Tailor he soon became the First and Leading Light of the Bar, then District-attorney and finally Governor of his State.

His Children are now Tutoring for Life, and when they Graduate will be good for All that is Coming to them. He has ordered a Coat-of-Arms with the Motto, "More at Faster," and had it lacquered on the Panels of his Touring Car. It is a Donkey, Couchant, in Sackcloth, Weeping before a Get-rich-quick Prospectus printed in Gold.

Jap Torpedo Boats.

A Japanese officer serving on a torpedo boat has been telling his experiences. Very few caught cold, despite the bitter weather. The officer attributed this to the fact that they did not expose themselves to variations of temperature, as is the case with men in a big ship where cabins can be warmed and heat-generating processes employed. On a destroyer or a torpedo boat the only source of artificial heat is a brazier, and braziers have two serious drawbacks: one that in a little craft pitching and rolling badly live charcoal is a dangerous companion; the other that, as all apertures have to be closed to keep out the sea, the fumes of a brazier would be perilous. There was nothing for it, consequently, but to dispense with all heating appliances, and the men, living in a uniformly cold temperature, seem to have kept their health better than they would have done had means of generating artificial heat been accessible.

The Gook.

IDIOTIORAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

A Half-Baked Warble in Gooky Conundruming. Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.

The Fudge's way of EDUCATING the masses is to ask them a lot of questions they DON'T KNOW anything about, and never tell them the answers. There are OTHER ways, but they are not Fudge-y. Besides, if the editor of Fudge told his big family of readers all he knows, they would know as much as he does, and there would be NO FURTHER EXCUSE for Fudge's existence.

With these few thrilling personal remarks we beg leave to present the following EDUCATIONAL hot tamale done up in peppe metre for all good, brainy Fudgers to cudgel their cerebral convolutions with:

Who invented Fudge's circulation?
An Iridescent What is it?
Whence whithers Fudge's smugdization?
Whose Red Ink Pot is it?
What is the pride of our Gookerium?
When gooked what's done with him?
If you went gooked in Bug-Nook-olium
Wouldn't you have fun with him?



Monday's Idiotioral Gook Will Give Some Recherche Advice to Advertisers.